

Evening Telegraph

A DAILY AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER.

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. A Special arrangement made for extended insertions.

To Correspondents.

No notice will be taken of anonymous communications, &c., unless it is manifestly evident that the name and address of the writer—*and necessarily for publication*, but not for private circulation—will be given. We cannot undertake to return repeated communications.

To Advertisers.

Owing to the great interest in the Circulation of THE EVENING TELEGRAPH, compelling us to go to press as early now, we can only give short notices of advertisements may be inserted in our columns as soon as possible, so as to secure them in all of our editions.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

THE WAR NEWS.

GRANT has commenced the great movement of the campaign for the destruction of General Lee's army. He threw forward the left wing of the Army of the Potomac on Thursday, and carried a strong line of Rebel works, west of the Federal position, on the Wilderness. Yesterday another advance towards the Danville road was made by our troops, and to-day probably the entire veteran portion of the armies of the Potomac and James rivers are concentrated on our extreme left, and are moving east, to dispute with Lee for the possession of his only remaining line of retreat and supply. That our army will make considerable progress westward, we have no doubt; for General Lee must take care of Richmond, Petersburg, Lynchburg, and Danville all at the same time. The loss of either would do him incalculable damage, and the defense of all of them is a most difficult matter.

General Lee is probably at this moment in the situation of the puzzled lover, who exclaimed—

"How happy could I be with either."

"Were 't other dear charmer away."

He would like to help EARLY, just as some fifty or sixty days ago he would have been glad to help HOOD; but GRANT, who would not let him alone then, has once more begun to trouble him. The Rebels have spitefully named GRANT "the Butcher," and indeed he remorselessly slays all their most courageous and resolute hopes. He is a very inconvenient man to have so near Richmond, and ought to have been long ago removed, as a number of McCLELLAN journals in the North have already urged.

The Newmarket road, upon which General BIRNEY marched, runs from Richmond to Newmarket, in a direction nearly southeast; the Mill road intersects it at a point about eight miles from Richmond. Chaplin's farm is near the James, and to the left of General BIRNEY's position, as reported by GRANT. According to the map it flanks Drury's Bluff, or Fort Darling, and the movement may result in the capture of that work, which would open the river to our monitors to within a few miles of Richmond.

This advance of ORD and BIRNEY means the capture of Richmond finally, but not now. Its designed effect at present is to attract Lee's attention from the real point of attack, which is on the extreme left of our line. That SHERIDAN will be assisted by GRANT in these movements towards the capture of Richmond cannot be doubted.

We are sorry to observe that the Rebels FORREST and KIRK SMITH are "playing hot" in Tennessee, and PRICE, SHELDON, and MARMADUKE are doing the same in Missouri. The latter State has almost been overrun, and fears are expressed for the safety of St. Louis from a Rebel cavalry dash. It is well known, however, that troops are moving forward rapidly to Nashville and St. Louis; General STEELE is also supposed to be advancing upon the rear of the Rebels, from Little Rock, Arkansas.

General SHERIDAN is "pushing on regardless of everything."

A PARTY ON THE APPROVED PLAN.

A party such as we are accustomed to in town is a notoriously stupid and uncomfortable affair. There was a time, we are willing to believe, when a gathering together of friends was productive of a not inconsiderable amount of cheer and comfort. Our now-lottering relatives joined their associates, and had a hearty romp on the green turf, or a lively game or dance on the clean, uncarpeted floor, long ago, when they were full-cheeked and lithe. Such frolics and fun as they enjoyed, in those simple, sunny days, we find it difficult to form any conception of.

Now-a-days our young ladies and young gentlemen do things differently. With the long-sought permission of her parents, the Miss who has lately relinquished the use of text-books and slate-pencils forever sends out her delicate little invitations to at least fifty more individuals than both the parlors can by any possibility be made to accommodate. And when at last the evening comes, and the rooms and halls, up-stairs and down, are flooded with the effulgence of all the gas-burners, and a vast number of hard, polished candles, the giver of the entertainment awaits, with a fluttering heart, the arrival of the first "company," who come presently, and are discovered to be the Bobbs. These Bobbs are singular persons of wealth (probably members of a society called "Shoddyites"), who, from sheer force of habit, cannot help coming "ago too soon," as is the general observation of all their acquaintances. There are Bobbs to every party.

Fool primitives! Nine o'clock precisely finds them ringing the bell and rustling up to the undressing room, and advancing in solid phalanx, with their most charming smiles on, apparently deaf to meeting a great many people. And, of course, when they face only the solitary Cillie (the baptismal appellation of our present heroine), they feel vastly relieved, and let themselves considerably down, and the Bobb girls indulge in a gentle hugging and kissing all round, while the boy Bobb, their brother, looks foolish, and jerks out his handkerchief, which indiscreetly rag serves to conceal the greater part of his nose. After a certain number of minutes have been devoted to the amicable little exercises already recited, there follows a general overhauling of what each other has on.

During this process the lad throws his right leg over his left, and his left over his right, and looks at a remote corner of the room, and watches the journey of a fly over the surface of the mantle-mirror, and finally fixes his gaze on his shiny boots. Anon the P's and Q's and So make their appearance, and the invited are all assembled, including the unaccompanied *bounce* (who have a way of slipping into the rooms without much ado, which is quite peculiar to themselves), in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock.

Then the exercises are fairly under way. Miss Cillie has effected numerous introductions, to her own immense confusion, which gets so completely the better of her that she makes known a high, bashful youth to a quiet little creature on the sofa no less than four separate times, and has to be told of it eventually. She has argued earnestly for a commingling of the sexes, but without the slightest success. The girls describe a circle all around the rooms. They are huddled together on the lounges, and their chairs are backed up against the walls.

The gentlemen appear intermittently to these excessively gotten-up damsels, and play with them with interrogatories concerning the weather, and exhaust the other equally trifling and diverting party topics. There is boisterous, all-talking-at-once, and dreadful bawling in the colloquial storm, during which there is universal uneasiness and a fierce expression on each face, as though its owner had something very particular to say, but was conspired against and utterly unable to get a word in. There is yawning tortured into coughing, and gaping behind candle-pockets places. There is a struggle on the part of Cillie to look easy and used to this sort of thing, and an awful effort on the part of her dear friends to appear perfectly delighted, and as they would not think, for an instant, of "giving anything" to be at home and out of their tight, disagreeable clothes.

Before long the music moment is at hand and Miss Cillie rushed at a romantic-looking lass, with long curly and humid eyes, but a general appearance of angularity and early blight, who looking into the sunfused face of a sedate urchin with his hair very much parted behind, and his coat sleeves very long, and wide at the extremities, in the piano parlor. The romantic looking lass is astonished more than she can express by the absurdity of the request that she will sing something or play something. She starts back, and throws up her hands, palms out. She states emphatically that she has not touched a piano for such a length of time that she has forgotten all about it. Cillie presses her suit with vehemence, and appeals to all the by-sitters for support, which they instantaneously and energetically extend, clustering around the musical object, and pouring forth touching importunities and savage arguments to convince said object that she is the victim of self-deception, and was never in better condition for vocal or instrumental performances in the whole course of her life.

After a protracted siege, the romantic-looking surrenders and is led captive to the instrument. There is a solemn stillness; an appeal to sundry moons, stars, wild flowers, streams, and the like, embraced in four long verses, a hymn of adulation, the entire company chorusing "Very pretty!" and "How sweet!" A small of hot food is suddenly waded down stairs. Then there is an eager stampede, two by two, to the field of labor, where the gallants go into immediate and active service, and devote themselves to the hewing of pyramids of ice cream, and the dexterous spooning and plating of eccentric jelly, and the pursuit of the cake baskets, and he waxes declaratory; the elaborate large cake with candy trimmings is pitched into and demolished; the flowers are all snatched up and stuck in button-holes and bosoms; pockets are filled with ornamental bonbons and such nice little knick-knacks as may be discovered lying about loose; and, by-and-by, a descent is made to the parlors. Then there is some weary, laggard dancing; the hall fills with inquiring coachmen and servants; the guests drop away. Towards that hour when the sun leaps up the eastern sky and lights the world into another day of toil, suffering, mirth, and madness, Miss Cillie is quite alone with her mamma once more, and very tired indeed. Poor thing! How heavy are her eyes, and how languid her steps as she drags herself off to bed!

HOSPITAL REPUTATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia has become such a large military hospital, there being about twenty-two thousand beds in this Department, that it is a matter of some interest to trace the development and history of these institutions.

The germ was the Christian Street Hospital, which was organized immediately after the attack on Fort Sumter, and received sick and wounded soldiers of the three months' service, May 1, 1861, under the charge of Surgeon JOHN NEILL, United States Volunteers. It was established under the auspices of the Home Guards, and was furnished and supplied by benevolent citizens, but became a United States hospital by order of General PATTERSON, and from this nucleus have grown the immense establishments now existing.

The healthfulness of our city, its accessibility to the Eastern armada, and its high medical standing, were instrumental in expanding its hospital facilities; and Surgeon-General FIXLEY, then on the active list, was prompt in recognizing its advantages as far greater than those possessed by Washington, which is in a marshy district, and Baltimore, which was unsafe in point of geographical position.

After the first battle of Bull Run, all the accommodations which had been prepared during the summer about Washington became crowded. In November, the Surgeon-General ordered temporary hospitals to be prepared with the greatest despatch for immediate use. Unoccupied buildings and grounds suitable for such purposes were immediately procured, and the construction of large hospitals, on correct principles, commenced. At that time, there were no depots of supplies or purveyor's stores in this city. Everything was obtained through the Quartermaster's Department. The duty of securing locations and furnishing the hospitals devolved upon Captain BOYD, United States Army, of the Quartermaster's Department. The transformation of factories into comfortable depots, furnished with all the modern improvements for the supply of heat, light, and water, as well as the constructing of new hospitals, was entrusted to Mr. JOHN

MCARTHUR, Jr., the architect for the Government; while the medical organization was effected by Dr. NEILL, then acting as Medical Director.

The peculiar features of our Philadelphia hospitals, in their police, ventilation, interior economy, and discipline, were brought into existence at this time. Christian Street Hospital was enlarged immediately, and the hospitals at Twenty-fourth and South streets, Twenty-second and Wood streets, Broad and Cherry streets, and Fifth and Buttonwood streets were ready to receive patients before Christmas, and soon after organized by the appointment of surgeons, &c.

Then the exercises are fairly under way. Miss Cillie has effected numerous introductions, to her own immense confusion, which gets so completely the better of her that she makes known a high, bashful youth to a quiet little creature on the sofa no less than four separate times, and has to be told of it eventually. She has argued earnestly for a commingling of the sexes, but without the slightest success. The girls describe a circle all around the rooms. They are huddled together on the lounges, and their chairs are backed up against the walls.

These were filled by patients almost immediately, and it soon became obvious that extensive hospitals should be constructed outside of the city, and the authorities at Washington approved of the building of a large hospital of one thousand beds in West Philadelphia, near the Satterlee Hospital. The plan of construction is entirely due to Mr. MCARTHUR, Jr., and from this hospital has originated all that is valuable in the principles of the construction of "shed hospitals," as these extensive buildings are often termed.

The Satterlee Hospital was subsequently much enlarged; but it is very questionable whether any surgeon can, with propriety, oversee professionally the necessities of over one thousand beds.

Other general hospitals were put in operation during the summer, at Mechanics' Hall Fourth and George streets, Sixth and Master streets, the State Arsenal, at Sixteenth and Filbert streets, National Guards' Hall, Race below Sixth street, Hestonville Depot, German Hospital, on Turner's lane, and the hospital at Chester, while many of the old ones were enlarged.

At Chester and Turner's lane extensive buildings have been put up on the general plan of shed hospitals; but the most striking of these structures were built about this time at Chestnut Hill.

The hospital at Chestnut Hill, originally designed to have been built at Red Bank, N. J., is said to be almost the largest hospital in the world; and when a visitor contemplates its vast proportions, and yet its completeness, he cannot but regard it as one of the greatest features of our time, in connection with the war.

The hospital at Nicetown, which was intended to have been placed in Hunting Park, has the same general features, and is regarded as one of the most perfect model of wooden hospitals that we have. Additional hospitals were also fitted up for special loathsome and contagious diseases, at the Summit House, on the Darby road, and at Twelfth and Buttonwood streets; but at the present time the smallpox patients are accommodated at the building at Islington Lane.

We must not omit to notice the wonderful capacity for extension now possessed by many of these hospitals, by means of hospital tents, which have been found to be the most salubrious tenements for the sick. By these means have been created units, as much increased in size and convenience in which they have been assisted by the Park Commissioners, to whom the picture is most respectfully dedicated.

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